



## **My Heart On Your Cheek by Genesis.Malfoy**

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**Summary:** Mike always knows how to surprise Eleven, even when he doesn't know he is doing it. And that's one of the reasons she loves him. A/N Lots of fluff and Mileven. Please ENJOY and review. Story inspired by Wynniethecat's story. THANK YOU, WYNN!

## **My Heart On Your Cheek**

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### **MY HEART ON YOUR CHEEK**

July 1989

School was over. For real. High school seemed to have come and gone just as fast as the blink of an eye to everyone, especially to Eleven being those years the only ones she'd been in school and, even when they were only four, they were the best of her life. But high school had been over for over a month already. Over a month! It was unbelievable if she thought about it, and she really didn't want to think about it because that meant she was only one little, tiny month and a half away from...

Damn it! It was hard just imagining it. It was so hard, so freaking hard to think that Mike was going to leave for college in just a month and a half. She was happy for him, she really was because he had gotten into the college he wanted his whole life, his first and only choice, MIT she remembered him telling her and it was the one that, - as El liked to call it – would 'get him to the moon' because she new just how much he wanted to work for NASA. And she was very happy for him, for both of them, because he had promised her – and being his promise was as real as the summer they were into –, that once he finishes college he would take her to live with him and to look at the stars for the rest of their lives.

But, again, she didn't really want to think about the college which would take her boyfriend away from her, 808 miles away from her arms, a fifteen hours drive. It was insane, it was crazy and it had her very upset so, for the time being, she preferred just stop thinking about it and keep touching Mike's face while she was lying on her stomach on top of him, a sheet tangled around them as the only piece of fabric to cover their naked bodies. The clothes they had been wearing were now sprawled around the floor as proof of the passion

they shared thirty minutes ago.

They got used to lay like this every time they made love and knew they had time to spare because no one would come down to the basement, or because Mike's mom never went to his room since he was fifteen years old or, as in that case in the cabin, when it was still early and they had a few hours before Hopper returned from work. Mike used to be on top during sex but in their post-intimacy moments, Eleven would lay on top of him, chest against chest, stomach against stomach, legs intertwined and adoring each other.

Still naked and only partially covered with a messy sheet, Mike's left leg was hanging bare from El's bed and she was only covered from ankles to hips with his right leg between hers. Eleven loved being like that, sometimes after loving each other physically they spent hours talking about plans and the future; they also liked spending those hours making out almost like if their lives depend on it causing their desire to blossom again. And sometimes, like that day, he would be looking at his girlfriend thinking she was the most beautiful girl on earth while the tip of his fingers were dancing on her back, softly touching her silky skin and drawing invisible patterns all over the length of her spine, up from her neck and down to her waist; all of that while she enjoyed his caring touch and also keeping herself entertained by counting the freckles on Mike's face.

She did that a lot, especially since she never actually finished counting them because she always got lost, for one reason or another, by something distracting her; whenever he would say something, or a noise threatening the peace they were sharing, or Eleven simply lost focus and begun adoring his eyes and his lips. The best count she ever made was one time when she counted thirty four freckles until Mike lick his lips and she thought about how desirable they looked and started kissing him again, leaving his freckles for another day.

And again she was lost in the middle of it because she was looking at him, lost deep into that memory and, somehow, wondering how Mike would look like with purple lipstick on him. He would certainly not allow her putting make up on his lips but that didn't meant that, if she bought the lipstick she saw at the drug store that morning, she couldn't kiss him while wearing it. El decided she was going to buy it before the weekend.

- Lost again?

His voice was calm and with the hint of a smile, he knew her so well he could see in her eyes the count fading away. Eleven looked at him in the eye and nodded, smiling again and kissing him ever so sweetly before getting back to the universe of stars Mike had in his face which she loved so much.

This time El begun on his left cheek counting diagonally from his eye to his cheekbone, like if dividing his face mentally in small sections, she could carry a more organized count on those little brown dots she adored.

The softness in which she was tracing lines on his face, touching so delicately his skin made Mike feel the electricity through her fingers in every little touch she made, while he could see how she moved her lips counting the freckles in his cheeks, one by one; meanwhile and just as tender as she was touching him, he run his fingers along her back, from shoulders to hips where the green sheet stopped his touch just before he could reach the zone that, during sex, he liked to grip.

- OH GOD!

- OUCH!

They both yelled at the same time. Eleven's surprise and the little scream of pain Mike did when he felt the sudden change in her touch, from delicate to actually poke her finger deep on his cheekbone below his left eye, interrupted that beautiful moment of pure love and intimacy. Mike pulled his hand up to his sore face while Eleven used hers to cover her mouth feeling guilty and immediately cupped her boyfriend's face. She made a trail of kisses from any piece of skin she could find until she met his hand and pushed it away gently so she could kiss the spot where she had accidentally buried her finger.

- I'm sorry, Mike... I'm so so sorry...

She whispered against his skin between soft kisses. Soon her lips draw a small smile finding the situation a little funny, especially when she felt Mike smiling again probably because of the same thing.

Or maybe because of the caring and kisses he was receiving, whichever it was, it worked.

Less than a minute later Mike's hands went back to his girlfriend, caressing one shoulder and moving down to her waist with his right hand and using the other to cup her face, playing with those crazy curls and placing them behind her ear. If he ever had the intention to look upset, he had lost before even trying to do so.

- It's okay, El, its fine.- he whispered with sincerity while her lips were still kissing his cheekbone. – What happened? Did you get scared or something?

Eleven looked at him and leaned to press a soft kiss on his lips and then got back into touching his face again even more delicately than before, using her index and middle fingers and looking for something until she found it. Her face lit up and she smiled triumphant when she looked at whatever it was and then looked at Mike in the eye to show him another big shiny smile.

- Here.- she said poking really carefully on Mike's cheek. – You have a heart shape freckle.

Mike raised both eyebrows in sudden surprise but didn't stop caressing her back and her face with the tip of his thumb.

- Really?

She nodded quite proud of her discovery and climbed on top of him to reach her night stand, opening her drawer and pulling out a little mirror she had. Even when neither said anything, feeling her moving against him was, well, kind of hot. The rubbing of their skin being that both were naked and so tangled in each other made that movement quite sexy; but before Mike could say or do anything, she got back where she was and gave him the mirror so he could see it himself.

After a few seconds Mike saw the little heart as well.

- Hey, look at that! – he said genuinely amazed while he looked at it carefully.

- How didn't you saw it, Mike?

He looked at Eleven and placed his hand in her nape, burying his fingers beneath her hair and playing with the curls the way he knew she enjoyed. Probably Mike did it unconsciously. He had so many, infinite in fact, ways to show her the love he felt that sometimes he wondered just how many times he told his girlfriend how much he loved her with his touches.

- I don't know, baby, you know a barely take a look in the mirror after brushing my teeth...

- But it's sooo cute! – she sang lovingly.

Despite the years they've been together, Eleven never understood how Mike could be so gorgeous without any effort at all. Like he said, she knew he barely take a look in the mirror before going out and it wasn't because he didn't care, he just... It was him, he wasn't self centered. But *oh*, she could just stare at him in behalf of both of them. She could be looking at him for like *hours*, counting the freckles in his face like then or playing with the soft locks in his hair, enjoying his lemon shampoo and just thinking how he was just... Perfect.

Ok, *fine*, she was well aware that people in love used to ignore any flaw on those they would place their hearts onto but, in El's opinion, - and let's be honest, she never cared about the fact that other people had any 'opinion' -; she couldn't understand why on earth they weren't thousands of girls throwing themselves on Mike's feet in every step he made. But it was probably for the best, he never needed any other girl wanting to kiss him and, even when she trusted him blindly and unquestionably, she didn't wanted to be forced into using her powers against any of those girls if anyone even dare to look at him inappropriately. Because she sure as hell would send them flying a mile away.

El was using her finger drawing the line of his jaw while he talked and kept peeking from her to the freckle she had found on his face. She immediately loved it and now she felt like she could see it so clearly, just shining and beating for her on her boyfriend's face.

- Maybe it hasn't always been there. – he said suddenly, pulling El away from her thoughts. – My grandma always said that my mom lost all her freckles when she was a teenager and she hoped I never lost any of mine. Sometimes these things vanish or they move from wher...

Mike cut himself off at the sudden – and overreacted – horror that came across Eleven's face. He placed the mirror back in her nightstand and hugged his girlfriend tight in his arms and then moved both hands to her waist, caressing her sides up and down, until he found the wicked sheet covering her butt.

- El... – he begun, kissing her forehead. – I promise you the little heart won't go anywhere. – he said smiling at her and a little amused by the way she looked. He wasn't the type of guy who shows his emotions around, even to the people he cares, but with Eleven he was love and touches and kisses in public and privately. He was a lost case and too much in love to even care if anyone noticed. – Maybe they were two freckles that got together and become one. – he offered hoping she would take it.

She did, her smile and her kiss were the proof of that. – Because they were in love like you and me?

El noticed that her suggestion was probably way too silly for a teenager of her age, it was in fact a little corny to say the least but... Who cares? The smile Mike gave her was worthy of a thousand of her cheesy five-year-old silliness, especially if he'd agree and kiss her lips deeply before speaking again.

- Yes, like us. – he said before kissing her again.

Damn! He was just so in love with her that he didn't care if his freckles ever decided to draw an elephant on his face, as long as she liked it.

- You know... - Mike whispered when they had to pull apart and catch their breaths, his lips as swollen as hers from all the kissing. – Since I've never seen it before and you just discovered it, you should name it. You know, like astronomies do when they find something in space and put their names on it.

Eleven was pouting when Mike used his mouth to speak and not to kiss, she was suddenly very eager into kissing him, but she loved his suggestion although it didn't stop her from kissing his face, his chin and the corner of his mouth while he said such beautiful things.

- But it's your freckle, Mike. – she pointed out, her voice muffled against his skin. Kissing him was way more important. – You name it.

He gave it a thought and then leaned to kiss her again shortly but sweetly. – Eleven's freckle.

She smiled and giggle happily before leaning down again and pecking his lips with a hundred little kisses. – So, you are okay with walking with my heart now also on your cheek?

The teenager just shrugged while his hands were back into dancing all the way from her shoulder blades to her hips, making her feel tinkles with the tip of his fingers.

- I already have your heart with me, I better show it. Besides is yours so, why not?

Eleven thought that that was the sweetest thing he could have possibly said about it and she leaned to kiss him fiercely, this time moving up her leg over Mike's waist and making another trail of kisses from his mouth to the freckle that belonged to her, kissing it repeatedly while Mike slip his fingers beneath the sheet and finally touching her butt.

- El, I'm getting hard again.

His words caused Eleven to start laughing against his skin again and so she leaned back to his lips and kissed him passionate, sucking his lower lip the way he could understand she was just as eager as he was, and then started to move down placing small kisses from his lips to his neck. This Mike took as a very clear sign, he hold her firmly and rolled over the bed resting El on her back and placing himself on top again. They were tugged in the sheets but it didn't stop him from moving his hands down to caress the leg she wrapped on his waist and feel her silky thigh while pulling her other leg around his hip.

- I love you, Mike. – she said smiling and holding his face between her hands, her voice was a whisper filled with renewed desire and intimacy.

- I love you too, El. – he said filled with confidence and smiling just as happily as she did.

When they put their lips together and started making out just as passionate as they always did, Eleven forgot that, again, she didn't finished counting the freckles on his face. But that didn't matter because she knew Mike would still be there after their love making and also on the next day, and the one after that.

And forever.

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*Hello everyone! Thanks for reading, I hope you guys enjoyed this little one-shot. I know is a bit different from others I wrote but there is a reason. This one-shot was inspired by a wonderful, heart breaking, beautiful story called 'Just Give Me A Reason' by my absolutely favourite author 'Wynniethecat'. – If you haven't read her stories, I don't know what are you waiting for –. In that particular story, there's a mention of Mike's freckle, so after I asked the author if I could write a side story about it, and after she so kindly accepted, this story came to life. So THANK YOU, WYNN, Thank You So Much!*

*That said I have an announcement to the people who read my story 'Red Spots of Love' and its sequel 'If You Could See Yourself Through My Eyes'. After some consideration, I realized Eleven should have become sick after the first one, so in the next few days, I'll upload a story that would be settled between 'Red Spots...' and 'If You Could...'. Stay tuned!*

*As always, reviews are most welcome and also kind of a need. Every time you people leave a comment, you inspire me, so Please let me know what you think. And if you have any request, feel free to PM me.*

*Until next time!*